THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

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ORIGINAL.

THE EYE-LASH.—No. VIII.

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise;
And bass and treble voices strike the skies. *Rape of the Lock.*

THE following epistle contains considerable acrimony—some of the remarks would be well worth the attention of those to whom they are addressed. It is a fact too well established, that our gentlemen waste much of their time in the company of females: Though such society, when occasionally resorted to, has an excellent effect, yet for a gentleman to spend all his time with the ladies, and sacrifice all his evenings in their company, is a great step to that ignorance of which the fair sex is generally accused.

MR. EYE-LASH,

I HAVE no hesitation in making choice of your numbers as a scourge with which I may tease the beaux, and reciprocate those favours which they are so willing to bestow on our sex —Poor creatures! what consequential animals they suppose themselves, if they can find fault with us; they eagerly analyze our figures and survey us with the strictest exactness, and if nature has not fixed a mole where their fancy would direct, a bustle is raised, an essay is written, and the noisy creatures proclaim it wherever their reports are likely to be noticed. It is but fair, that our turn should now come—let us overhaul a beau, and discover the charms of which he can boast——Well, we see a rough looking creature, two yards high, walking on a pair of huge feet that would crush a cow to death—a little above them are two protuberances, vulgarly called *ankles*, as large as pippins,—over these a puny *calf*—perhaps bandy and distorted, or decorated with a pair of knees that thump each other for the

precedence as they move along. A hand that seems intended by nature for a sledge hammer forms the but-end of a long, crooked, shaggy arm: To grace the other perfections of this stately animal, a head peeps from a pair of mammoth shoulders, with a little tail behind it, and a bunch of hair on the top to render tolerable the appearance of a face pimpled with dissipation, and changed by strong drink, &c. into an indescribable mixture of disgusting colours. With such *external* qualifications, these uncouth monsters are eagerly engaged in animadverting upon our forms, and crying out that we use artifices to disguise *our* imperfect figures. One of these awkward animals escapes, from what he calls business, towards evening; with the most consummate impudence, gives an imperious knock at one of our doors, pushes into the parlour, not knowing how unwelcome he may be, and perplexes the family two or three hours with nonsensical stuff about the rise and fall of the market, the probable result of our national negociations, or some such things, with which he is entirely unacquainted, and the contemptible animal delivers himself with as much importance as though the fate of nations depended on his predictions. Yet these poor puppets claim the exclusive privilege to sense and information, and pretend to charge the ladies with loquacity. What title have the beaux to any superiority in respect of talents? Their days are passed in rambling from one public-house to another; in *dashing*, as they call it, to the terror of children and dogs, through the streets in a gig, or moping over a musty ledger. Almost every evening is employed in buzzing about the ladies: Thus is all their time fooled away; and these *curious* animals wish us to believe their whole life is occupied in the pursuit of wisdom, and that we are idle, ignorant, garrulous beings. A lady is hardly permitted to look at two gentlemen without acquiring the character of a coquette, and yet this all-important part of the creation may, with impunity, visit and make advances to a hundred different females. Well, our only course is, to assail them with their own weapons —expose them in their proper light—teach them their insignificance, that they may be duly humbled—by the way, I remember a few lines that will help us out on this occasion, though I cannot now tell from whence they are borrowed,

Men are ugly clumsy creatures,
Rough in manners, coarse in features;
Stupid fancies, hearts ungrateful;
Nature form'd them truly hateful.

Now, Mr. Eye-Lash, I trust to your candour for the insertion of this—if you favour me, in future I may encroach again on your impartiality—with due respect, your's obediently,

HORATIA.

ORIGINAL.

AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

WHOEVER walks into the country in the autumnal season; if his mind is disposed to reflection, or endowed with sensibility, will find himself strongly inclined to meditate on the various subjects which a view of nature affords: It is a sober season—a kind of pensiveness rests on the whole face of nature; the glow of summer is past, the music of the forest is heard no more, the green leaves wave no longer on the trees, but yellow and withered, rustle beneath the feet of the passenger in the obstructed foot-path: The morning air is no longer loaded with fragrance from the flower-adorned fields; the labourer no longer pants at noon for the refreshing shade, or the cool breezes of delightful evening; the harvest is gathered in, and the works of the year are approaching to a close; every thing bears the impression of decay, and every one is preparing for the important change which is about to take place:—Experience tells us, winter is about to resume his rigid reign, and cast his hoary fleeces over the ruins of each former season's beauty.

How can all this be witnessed without interest! To me, never yet has this season returned, but with it have returned many pleasing, but more mournful, or at least pensive reflections; some of these are incidental to the return of any season, such as the recollections which occur to every one, that one more year of existence is rolled back into the abyss of departed ages, and that many changes have been produced in that time, which affect the contemplator's happiness, or that of his friends; but autumn generates reflections, and excites enquiries peculiar to itself. The leafless trees, the silent groves, the russet fields, and chilly air, all speak loudly to his feelings, 'Our glories have passed away, but we know from experience that they will return; autumn now reigns, and winter will succeed, but spring will return, and restore our faded splendour.' We feel the truth of these palpable expressions, and our experience attests it; we see the seasons progressively give place to each other, in one unvarying round, and

though the productions of the earth seem now to be expiring, we are sure they will revive: But, when we apply the rule to the existence of man, we find it fails, as it respects its duration; and the surrounding prospect proclaims, 'Thus, O man, will, ere long, the autumn of thy life approach, the vigour of thy frame will decay, the bloom of thy spring will fade, thy auburn locks become grey with the snows of time, thou shalt behold thy vernal honours, like the leaves of autumn, scattered on the ground, and at last, like the glories of spring, summer and autumn, thou shalt sink beneath the blasts of cold wintry death—but to thee shall no spring return, once withered, thy glories never will bloom again.'

This is the language of experience, and to what reflections does not the remembrance of such truths give birth, we behold the seasons depart, only to return—we see our fellow beings sink into the grave one after another, but we see no one rise from it, the iron gate of death is closed on the departed for ever, and who can draw back its everlasting bolts? Nature indicates no disposition to reverse her laws in our favour, and we must submit to her decree. Were we all, or any of us philosophers on *this* subject, we might trace the analogy between man and inanimate nature, and console ourselves with the reflection (drawn from the continual changes which matter is known to undergo) that as the ruins of one year's productions serve to invigorate those of another; so the dissolution of our frames into dust might serve to support beings of some succeeding generation; but we are men, and cannot *console* ourselves with reflections which serve but to mortify our pride and lessen our self-consequence—no! we choose rather to leave nature wrapt in obscurity, and seek consolation in meditation: Still tracing the analogy, can we believe that all the seasons should enjoy a repetition of existence, that their productions should thus continually flourish for beings of so short a life, and that life should never be renewed? beings who fondly believe all the earth was created for their convenience? No, the mind turns to the page of revelation as her last and best resource, and is directed to hope for a better existence, where the seasons shall know no change, and spring shall reign eternally. It is true, the truth of a future existence cannot be exhibited to our view like a piece of mechanism, nor be demonstrated like a mathematical problem; neither can we explain why the universe does not sink into one general mass of matter, except we say that its parts are kept within their spheres

by the power of gravitation, which leaves us as much in darkness as ever, for who can say whence came gravitation? Reason ought to be our rule as far as it is capable of directing us, but if we believe the existence of any one thing, which admits not of demonstrative proof, why should we deny that of another, wherein is placed the hope of eternal happiness.

ANACHARSIS.

SELECTED.

ERASTUS AND ELIZA.—A TALE.

(concluded from page 188.)

ELIZA at first spake to ERASTUS with an incoherent wildness which indicated the disorder of her mind; till at length grown calmer, she said, "Was it delusion all—and do I live once more to behold the man I love?" "It was, it was ELIZA, said he, pressing her to his bosom, thy husband lives, and we shall now be blessed."

As soon as their excess of joy somewhat abated, ELIZA desired an account of what had happened to him since he left her; and asked if he knew how she came to receive that melancholy information which made her the most miserable of human beings.

"As soon, my dear, said he, as I came over, I found that the affairs of the house were not, by much, in so bad a way as was at first imagined, and some time after received a larger sum from it than ever I expected. This, and an opportunity which now presented itself of my settling greatly to my advantage, gave me excessive spirits, and I began to hope, as I wrote my ELIZA, that happier hours might now await us.

"It was not long after my writing that letter, which bade thee hasten to my arms, that a stranger came to this part of the island, in hopes of improving his health. Amongst others, I went to pay him my respects. Can you conceive what pleasure, mingled with surprise and pain I felt, when in this stranger I beheld a brother? This was that brother whom ELIZA has heard me mention. He was banished by my father for some indiscretions of youth, and left his native country with the little fortune which had been given him by his grandfather. He settled on a distant part of this island, where he made a conquest (for his person was remarkably fine) of a widow, who possessed one of the largest estates upon it.

"He was overjoyed to see me. I cannot much longer continue here, said he; I am going to the eternal abode appointed human nature. Since my banishment from my father's house, Heaven has blessed me with success. I am told he forgave me with his dying breath: Good old man!—You are now, ERASTUS, the only remaining of our family; I little dreamed of ever seeing you again; but Heaven is kind. The terrours of dissolution are lessened at the sight of thee. 'Tis not an unpleasing reflection, that thy friendly hand will close my eyes. Beware ERASTUS, nor misemploy the wealth I shall leave thee; it is got with honour. I can scarcely advise thee to marry; 'tis to the loss of the best of wives, which was soon followed by that of an only child, that I owe my present disorder. We were happy. She was the best of women." At these words ERASTUS fixed his eyes upon ELIZA, "May Heaven continue our lives, said he; may we never know the pang of separation till age has silvered o'er our heads, and then it must be short!"

The brother asked ERASTUS what accident had brought him to that part of the world; and told him, that upon the first appearance of his illness, he had written to England to enquire whether he was still living; and that he had already made a will in his favour, and left him whatever fortune he possessed.

"It was not long after his arrival, resumed ERASTUS, that he died, and left me an estate even beyond the ambition of my wishes. It was his funeral you met; it was ERASTUS they were bearing to his grave, but not ELIZA'S ERASTUS. He lives to be once more happy with the partner of his joys." At these words he pressed her to his bosom with a warmth expressive of the most perfect love. "Upon my return from the funeral, I was told by some one whom I met, the story of a woman's fainting, with such circumstances as made me think it was thee. I hastened to the house where the hospitable stranger had conducted thee, and found thee sunk into the arms of thy maid. Should I tell my ELIZA, that even this circumstance at present affords me a degree of pleasure? Indeed it does; it convinces me that I still am blest with thy tenderest love, without which, as ELIZA once said to me, no circumstances could make me happy."

ERASTUS was now possessed of a fortune which might enable him to pass his remaining days independent of the cares of business. He sold his estate to advantage, and returned to

his native country, where he now lives in all the felicity of elegant ease. The greatest part of their time they spend in the country, and now and then a winter in the rational amusements of the town; wealthy without arrogance, economists without avarice, and liberal without profusion; universally beloved by those who have any connection with them, and admired by the few who are happy in their intimacy.

SELECTED.

THE ILLITERATE ROBBER.

A GENTLEMAN, one evening pretty late, passing over the Pont Neuf, New Bridge, in Paris, with a lanthorn in his hand, was accosted by a strange man, in a manner rather polite and seemingly suppliant, who requested him to read a paper which, he said, he had that moment picked up, and did not know but what it might be of consequence; the gentleman, in holding up his lanthorn, in order to read the paper, had likewise an opportunity of surveying the person, and features of the person who had accosted him, which he did with some attention.

In the paper, he found a few lines, which I have translated as literally as the idiom of the two languages would admit.

Speak not a word when this you've read,
Or in an instant you'll be dead,
Give up your money, watch, and rings,
Or other valuable things:
Depart then quickly as you will,
Only remember silence still.

The gentleman considering his situation, and the purport of the threat contained in the paper, thought it most prudent to continue silent, and to act as it directed—he accordingly delivered his watch, rings, money, &c. but, at the same time, renewed his survey of the person to whom he gave them—and was so minute in his scrutiny, that he fancied he could at any time swear to him.

The man was soon after apprehended for a riot, and, on his way to the justice was perceived by the gentleman to whom he had presented the paper, who accompanied him to the magistrate, and exhibited an account of the before-mentioned occurrences against him; he was, for want of proper proof, re-

specting the riot, acquitted of the affair, but was sent to prison on account of the gentleman's accusation.

When he was brought to the bar to take his trial, he appeared quite unconcerned, and pleaded not guilty, with the greatest confidence; the gentleman, who was the only evidence that could be produced, swore positively to the fact, and to the identity of his person.

When he came to make his defence, he thus addressed the bench:

"My lords, I confess on the evening specified, I did meet this gentleman on Pont Neuf, and the transaction as he has related it very exactly, passed between us; but in the affair, I am very far from having been guilty of any ill intention—It is my misfortune not to be able to read; I picked up the paper just before I met the gentleman; I thought perhaps it might be of consequence. Seeing the gentleman, and judging from his appearance that he might be able to read; observing likewise the conveniency of his having a lanthorn in his hand, I requested that he would do me the favour to read the paper—he complied— and after reading it to himself, to my great surprise, he put his rings, watch and money into my hands: I was so astonished that I had not power to enquire into the contents of the paper, or to follow him for an explanation of his actions—afterwards, on reflection, I imagined the paper must have been of great value, and that he had given me his rings, watch and money, in order to get rid of me, and to keep to himself what was far more considerable in worth. Thus, if any one hath been wronged, I think it is myself, and I hope justice will be done me."

By this bold and artful defence, and the notoriety of his not having made any formal demand on the gentleman, he got off, for he was acquitted, though the whole court was conscious of his being the guilty person.

A BISHOP AND A PRINCE.

THE elector of Cologne (who was likewise an archbishop) one day swearing in a most violent manner, a peasant who was present, looked at him with marks of great surprise.—What does the fellow wonder at? cried the elector—To hear an archbishop swear, answered the peasant. Aye, said the other, I swear as *a prince*, not as a bishop. But my lord, said the peasant, *when the prince goes to the devil, what will become of the bishop?*

Poetical Department.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EYE.

SIR, GLORMON is dead! Your's, ———

The contents of the above note being made known to one of our correspondents, occasioned the following

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

CEASE, cease, ye warbling songsters cease,
Nor cheerful greet the flow'ry mead;
Ye mournful breezes now increase
Your sighs, for tuneful GLORMON's dead!

Night, mother of the silv'ry dew,
Thy sable mantle now assume,
Thy solemn visage, sad, renew,
And shed thy tears on GLORMON's tomb.

Ye roaring torrents, murm'ring rills,
Ye howling tempests, all be mute;
Sleep, Echo, on the silent hills,
For silent now is GLORMON's lute!

Ye tuneful Nine, who wont t'inspire
The youthful poet's pleasing strain,
To mournful dirges strike the lyre,
For ne'er will GLORMON sing again!

* * * * * *

But *Hope*, sweet soother, kind appears,
Her presence ever comfort gives;
She, smiling, bids us dry our tears,
And whispers softly—'*GLORMON lives!*' ALICIAN.

The above effusion has occasioned the following

RESPONSE.

I LONELY listen'd to the roar,
Sounding thro' evening's stillness deep,
Of torrents loud that dash and pour
Adown the hill, from steep to steep—

(My seat a wild oak's topmost leaf)
When, from some bower, rising slow,
I heard, in lapses soft tho' brief,
A lamentable plaint of woe.

'Be silent all ye murm'ring rills,'
Thus did the plaint of sadness flow—
'Be still ye torrents of the hills,
And ye, O winds, forbear to blow.'

Just then my seat I well nigh lost;
For a gale rose, in malice pure,
Nay, if I had not been a *ghost*,
Down headlong I'd have whirl'd I'm sure.

'GLORMON is dead, ye Nine be near
To weep,' thus now the mourner grieved;
But his tune changing, strange to hear,
Instant declared the dead wight lived!

Now this was wrong, believe you me,
I know the lad's for ever lost,
For I the honour have to be,
Your humble servant, sir, HIS GHOST.

SIR,

Having attended poor GLORMON in his last moments, we deem it proper to inform you, that we heard him declare his determination to visit you, if he should hereafter (for he was a disciple of the good old philosopher) make his appearance in any decent or christian-like form; and, on opening his will, we find he has made you the accompanying bequest;* which we present to your worship, like honest

TO MR. OPTIC. EXECUTORS.

ORIGINAL.

COQUETTING, &c.

SAINTS and doctors! what a pother
Boys and girls are ever keeping,
'Bout their marrying one another,
'Bout the hour of bliss and weeping.

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* Consisting of several poetical pieces, some of which we present to our readers in this number of the '*Eye*.' EDITOR.

Such wild freaks, and such gallanting,
Whining, sighing, fighting, swearing,
Then such raking, romping, ranting,
Years scarce bring things to a bearing.

Such a work they make about it,
One would think, while wedlock wooing.
They were all intent to flout it;
And thro' life be nothing doing.

Years they waste in dangling, fooling,
Wherein, Reason's dictates stifling,
Girls are school'd to pouting, ruling;
Lads to idling, dressing, trifling.

Night and storms! shall they thus flout me
When comes my day girls to flatter?
No, faith, '*have, or do without me,*'
Shall begin and end the matter. GLORMON.

ORIGINAL.

THE SONG OF THE WEST.

YE people of Europe, distracted, distress'd
By wars, and by tyranny's demons oppress'd,
O, hear the sweet song that is raised in the west,
'Tis liberty, liberty, liberty blest.

Where sets the bright sun, in his flamy robes dress'd,
The poor man is joyful, and tranquil his breast,
Serene 'mid his lovely green hills may he rest,
In liberty, liberty, liberty blest.

Ah! whence spring the blessings that flow in the west?
The joy of the poor man, his tranquilized breast,
That peaceful amid his green hills he may rest?
From liberty, liberty, liberty blest.

No fool or knave's passions distract in the west,
The nation gives laws, and those laws will be best
Which act on their source, for thus guarded, caress'd,
Is liberty, liberty, liberty blest.

But when one, as caprice inspires the behest,
May plunge into horrors a people oppress'd,

O, where is humanity's glory, life's zest,
Sweet liberty, liberty, liberty blest?

Tho' mild are the children of peace in the west,
Yet tried was their firmness, their valour confess'd,
And still their sweet song, tho' the famed sink to rest,
Is liberty, liberty, liberty blest.

The cry of the widow with phrenzy possess'd
The wailings of innocence, helpless, oppress'd,
Fill Europe; but O! the glad song of the west,
Is liberty, liberty, liberty blest.

Shall millions still be by a despot oppress'd,
Or dotard, or dupe, whom fell minions invest,
Nor ever respond the sweet song of the west,
'Tis liberty, liberty, liberty blest.

The bard in wild wood, the throng'd city's guest,
The sire of the cot, and the vet'ran caress'd,
Sweet welcome you'll find ere the beach you'll have press'd,
To liberty, liberty, liberty blest.

Brave people of Europe, tho' injured, distress'd,
Yet knowledge her seal on your fame has impress'd—
O, hear then the song rising high in the west,
'Tis liberty, liberty, liberty blest.

Now hush'd are the hills, and the sweet birds at rest,
No night-cry of war will their slumbers molest,
And morn will be glad in the song of west,
'Tis liberty, liberty, liberty blest. GLORMON.

ORIGINAL.

LOVE'S CITADEL.

"LOVE! what is Love?" said laughing JANE,
"Pray tell me, don't you know?"
Indeed, my dear, I feel the pain,
But scarce can tell you how.

His citadel in you he's found—
The loop-holes are your eyes,
From which the boy delights to wound,
Thence, true his arrow flies. *****